

Halloween: For the Love of Michael Myers

by Bratney

Category: Halloween

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2007-08-29 05:47:17

Updated: 2008-10-25 09:07:21

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:22:23

Rating: M

Chapters: 9

Words: 7,226

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: LEMON! These are a series of short stories that come after my story 'Going Home' although you don't have to read that to get these! MichaelOC It has morphed into an actual story, wow, I didn't see that coming. I apologize for weird writing styles.

1. Asylum

**AN: I got this idea randomly after watching a movie... It has nothing to do with the movie I was watching so I have no idea how I came up with this!**

**Disclaimer: I don't own Halloween. (Well, I do have a copy of all the Halloween movies but that's not what the disclaimer's about!)**

**Dedication: This chapter is written for 'Bunji the wolf' who was the only one to beg me for more Michael/Kat smut.**

Kat was only half aware of her surroundings when he clamped the cold metal around her wrists and ankles. Only half aware of her state of undress, but she was aware of the fact that this man was not her Michael.

Rough hands pushed her thighs apart, rough fingers pushed apart the lips blocking her core. "Tell me Kathryn," a very male voice flooded her ears, "does your psychotic boyfriend eat you out?" The heat of a tongue ran over her sex slowly. Kat struggled to break free, struggled against the hands that were touching her naked flesh.

His tongue ran over her again, Kathryn could feel tears running down her face. "Who are you?" she managed to get out through her sobs.

"Little Kathryn doesn't recognize me?" the man laughed, "I didn't think you would, your murdering boyfriend made you forget everyone that ever cared about you."

That's when Kat got a good look at his face, "My god, Nicholas! How did you get out of the Asylum? You were suppose to be there for life!"

The man laughed again, "I got out the same way your boyfriend did, Kitten." He ran his tongue across her clit once more, "You didn't answer my question, Kathryn"

"No, Nicholas," Kat said, now that she knew who she was dealing with she had stopped crying, "Michael doesn't eat me out, and I would prefer you didn't either."

"But Kathryn, I can make you purr like the kitten you are," Nicholas' mouth was between her legs once more. His sucked her clit into his mouth and rammed his fingers up inside of her.

Against her will, her body betrayed her, she could feel herself getting wet. "See Kitten, you want me, I knew you've always wanted me!"

As his pace quickened Kathryn looked around the room, realizing she was in her own home. Michael and the others would be around here somewhere.

Nicholas pinched her clit between his fingers and moved up her body to suck one of her breasts into his mouth. He grazed it gently with his teeth, working it into a hard point. He moved his mouth over to her other nipple and gave it the same treatment.

"Nicholas," Kathryn said seeing a movement in the shadows, "I wouldn't do that if I were you." She smirked when she saw a flash of white, "My psychotic murdering boyfriend doesn't like to share."

"But he isn't here," Nicholas said rubbing her clit with his finger, "is he?"

"Actually he is," Kat said loving the look of surprise that crossed Nicholas' face, "and he's standing right behind you."

Nicholas screamed and turned around, looking Michael in the eye. Within seconds the man was lying in the corner, a blood heap of muscle and bones.

"Michael," Kat said looking up at the man in front of her, "Michael get him off of me, it feels like he's still touching me."

Michael traced a hand down her side, and up to her stomach. He cupped one of her breasts in his hand and rubbed the nipple slowly with his thumb. The nipple hardened instantly and he reached over to slowly caress the other one.

He ran his other hand down her body and rubbed the skin between her legs, tracing his finger over her silky heat. Nicholas couldn't make Kat purr, but Michael sure could. Kathryn was responding to his every touch mewling and shaking as he pressed his finger into her slit. He set a slow pace, thrusting his finger in and gently pulling it out. When Kat was almost ready to cum he slid another finger into her, making the sensation almost unbearable.

"Michael, fuck me," Kat breathed, "fuck me now." She rocked her hip up to meet his fingers with each thrust, each time pushing her a little closer to release. When her climax he she was seeing stars, she felt like she was flying.

She was brought back to earth by Michael sliding into her. Kat gasped and strained against the chains, she wanted to wrap her arms around him.

Michael's pace was hard and fast, slamming into her. She could feel herself being pushed toward the edge and hoped that her masked lover was nearing it also. Kat was panting, screaming so loud everyone in the house would be awake. She endured thrust after thrust, until she could bear it no longer.

Michael embedded himself into her and they both reached their peak, several small thrusts later they collapsed.

When Kathryn could breath properly, and she felt that she could actually form a coherent word, she said, "Michael, do you think you could get these chains off of me?"

**AN: Good yes? Or good no? Leave me a review if you want another one!**

2. What Happens When Michael Gets Mad

The people of Haddonfield didn't know that their city's sewer system was large enough that a full grown man could walk through with ease, and when Michael Myers got angry this is were he went to blow off some steam.

Michael was mad, but this time his anger wasn't directed at someone else, Michael was angry at himself. His rough tendencies almost lost him the one person holding his sanity, he had almost killed Kat.

The tension between the two had been rising, Kat blamed it on the lack of communication in their relationship. She didn't blame Michael though; she understood, though not entirely, why he didn't speak.

But earlier a line had been crossed, Kat had done something to flick Michael's 'on' switch and he had gone into one of his murderous rages. Michael ran a knife through her chest, and had run out of the room.

There had been so much blood, Michael realized as he stormed through the sewer. He hadn't even stuck around to see if she was okay, he just up and left. He pounded a fist into the wall, causing a crack to form in the cement.

Kathryn was sitting in her room when Michael decided to go home. He watched her from the door, she was running a brush through her hair, her eyes closed, and softly singing. Michael didn't recognize the song, he never paid much attention to the music played at the asylum. But the words were a haunting melody that struck true to him. He listened to her sing, not wanting her to stop.

_No one knows what it's like
>To be the bad man
To be the sad man
>Behind blue eyes

_No one knows what it's like
>To be hated
To be fated
>To telling only lies

_But my dreams
>They aren't as empty
As my conscience seems to be _

_I have hours, only lonely
>My love is vengeance
That's never free _

_No one knows what it's like
>To feel these feelings
Like I do
>And I blame you

_No one bites back as hard
>On their anger
None of my pain and woe
>Can show through

_But my dreams
>They aren't as empty
As my conscience seems to be _

_I have hours, only lonely
>My love is vengeance
That's never free _

_When my fist clenches, crack it open
>Before I use it and lose my cool
When I smile, tell me some bad news
>Before I laugh and act like a fool

_If I swallow anything evil
>Put your finger down my throat
If I shiver, please give me a blanket
>Keep me warm, let me wear your coat

_No one knows what it's like
>To be the bad man
To be the sad man
>Behind blue eyes

"Hello Michael," Kathryn said when she was finished with the song, "are you feeling better?" Kat stood and walked over to him. She placed her head on his chest and held him close, a sign that she wasn't mad at him.

Michael stood there, letting the girl hold him. He reached up and tangled his hand in her hair, pulling gently so he could look in her eyes. He found no anger, no emotion but a deep tenderness.

"Michael," Kat pressed her lips to the plastic ones on his mask and whispered, "I want you." She stepped back and ran her hands down her body, catching the bottom of her shirt between her fingers. She looked at Michael and smirked, slowly she pulled her shirt up over her head exposing her black lace bra.

Kathryn smirked, she was going to enjoy this very much. Slowly she slid her pants down, revealing the matching underwear. She could feel

his gaze on her as he removed his clothing, and as she made her way to the bed.

She positioned herself on the bed and motioned for him to come to her. "Michael, I need you in me," Kat rubbed her nipples through the cloth, then arched up so she could reach the clasp at her back. She pulled off that piece of cloth; then stripped off her underwear, the last remaining piece hiding her from Michael.

Michael straddled her, the best way to pin her to the bed. He rubbed his fingers over her skin, up to her breasts, roughly rubbing her quickly hardening nipples. He quickened the pace when Kat moaned.

When he was satisfied with the outcome of his attack on her sensitive flesh he ran his hands down to the sweet heat between her legs. He ran his finger over her, she moaned and looked up at him with pleading eyes.

He shifted his weight and positioned himself over her. Kat arched up, trying to take him in. He shoved himself inside of her roughly, stretching her to fit him all at once. Kathryn screamed from the sensation of being filled.

Their bodies rocked in a rhythm all their own, Michael slamming in to her and pulling out just as quickly. Kathryn arching her hips to take him all in every time. She came twice before he joined her in her rapture, he wrapped his arms around her and watched her face as she floated off into slumber.

Disclaimer: I don't own Halloween, or the song "Behind Blue Eyes"

Dedication: This chapter is for HLBabi! I hope you like it!

AN: So, can you tell I'm a virgin? I hope everyone likes this story! I wrote it because of the movie that came out today... I hope it isn't as bad as it looks.

3. Missing Michael

Kathryn was getting tired of waiting, she had been waiting for Michael for three days now and the man just didn't want to show up. She missed her masked lover, and she was fucking horny.

"Screw it," she said removing her shirt and crawling on the bed. She sat against the head board and started pinching her nipples gently through the fabric of her bra. Her fingers trailed over her breasts, gently rubbing circles around her tightening nipples. Bolts of electricity ran strait through her, exciting her more so than she already was.

Her hands went to the clasp of her bra, neatly situated in between her breasts. Slowly she undid the metal pieces one by one, the first contact her hand made with the flesh was when she moved to pull off her bra. A slight touch of skin on skin, nothing more. Kat let out a slow hiss and moved her hands back to her breasts to tease the nipples between her fingers once more.

When she was fed up with just rubbing her chest she moved her hand down to her jeans. A pop, and the sound of the zipper could be heard between her ragged breaths. She removed her pants and underwear at the same time, throwing them to the floor. Nothing stood between her and release now.

Her fingers went to her clit, rubbing it slowly. Kat moaned and arched into her hand. She pinched her clit gently, fondling the nub between her fingers.

She moved her fingers down to the slit, roughly pushing four of them in before pulling them back out. She pumps her fingers in and out, trying to simulate the rough pattern she had gotten use to with Michael.

Kathryn moaned, she could feel her muscles tightening around her finger, only a few more thrusts and she would hit her climax. Her other hand came down and pinched her clit roughly, causing her to cum.

Seconds later, when Kathryn floated back to reality from her climax, she heard breathing. She looked toward the door and saw Michael standing there, naked, pumping his fist on his hard shaft. "My God," Kat whimpered seeing his hands play expertly over himself. She smiled at him and licked her lips, "Michael, do you want some help with that?"

Michael came over and laid himself out on the bed, Kat looked down at him and licked her lips once again. "Michael you look so good," she smiled, "I wonder if you taste good too?" Kat settled herself down between Michael's legs and gave the shaft a long slow lick. Michael twitched, so she did it again, this time a series of short licks up and down the sides.

Kat took his shaft in her hand and squeezed it lightly, stroking it up and down. Her tongue played over the head, and finally she took him into her mouth. She sucked him in as far as he would go, taking him into her throat.

Michael thrust himself into her mouth over and over, trying not to gag Kat. But there was so much pleasure he was almost lost in it. Michael could feel himself tightening, he was going to cum very soon.

A few more thrusts from the masked man and Kat drank Michael's cum down hungrily. She lapped the excess cum off him and gave his shaft one last kiss before crawling up to lay her head on his chest. Michael had come home again.

*AN: Is this one better? It's a whole lot shorter...*

4. Death

Kat stood in the shadows, watching the two teens climb up the main stairs in the Myers' house. She smirked to herself, knowing that they wouldn't survive the night in the building. Usually this would bug her, but tonight was different, she wanted to see how Michael got his reputation.

He stood in the kitchen, across from where she was standing. He watched her every move, when she nodded he started up the stairs. Kat followed close behind, eagerly waiting for what Michael would do.

He stalked into the room where the teens had went, holding his gleaming knife at his side. He stood watching them silently, Kat stood just behind him and off to the right. The teens were going at it like a couple of rabbits, so into the sex that they didn't even notice the man standing at the end of the bed.

Kat took a step closer and smirked, gently touching Michael's hand. He looked over at her and Kit blew him a kiss. Michael tilted his head to the side and Kat smiled, nodding softly.

When Kathryn was safely backed against the wall, Michael took the opportunity presented to him. He walked quietly to the side of the bed and lowered his knife into the back of the male, stabbing him repeatedly.

The girl screamed through the blood spatter, looking up at Michael with terror written across her features. She dislodged herself from her lover and tried to escape the room, Michael following behind her. She ran out into the hall and made it to the top of the stairs before Michael grabbed her and pinned her to the wall with his knife.

Kat had followed behind at a distance watching her lover's every move. The blood and loss of life had freaked her out, she wouldn't deny it, but the way he moved kept her in awe. She watched as Michael cocked his head to the side to study his victim, to watch her die.

Kathryn walked closer, reaching out and lightly touching Michael's arm with her fingers. He jerked and looked down at her, she had snapped him out of his murderous rage. She had a nervous look on her face, and her hand was shaking slightly. "Well, now I know why people are so scared of you," She said with a awkward laugh, "that was just plain freaky."

Kat now regretted talking Michael into this, she had never been more scared of a man in her life, even though deep down she knew that he would never hurt her. "Michael?" She asked wrapping her arms around him and burring her face in his chest, "Hold me?"

>Michael's arms wrapped around her holding her close to him, he could sense her fear, and was trying to make it go away. She was shaking slightly, and he ran a hand gently through her hair.<p>

Kathryn looked up into his eyes and pressed her lips gently to the mask, "I'm not going to be scared of you Michael, I know you won't hurt me." She took his hand and led him back to the bedroom, where she fell asleep on his chest.

**AN: Damn, I haven't written in a long time. I've been packing and moving into my dorm... Hope you liked it! No lemon this time sorry!**

5. Never Thought This Would Happen!

Kathryn stared down at the little stick in disbelief, after all this time it was happening now. She paced back and forth, wondering what

she was going to do, and how in the world she was going to tell Michael.

"I can't be pregnant!" Kat grumbled as she walked out of the bathroom. She headed down the stairs and sat down on the brand new sofa. She closed her eyes and then opened them to see her dad and Freddy standing in the doorway.

"Hello guys," Kat said with a half smile, "have either of you seen Michael around?" She knew she was going to have to tell him sooner or later. She was going to pick sooner, if he didn't like it, then at least he'd have time to calm down this way.

Freddy nodded, "He's spending some time in the sewers he should be back soon." As soon as Freddy explained Michael's whereabouts, the masked man walked into the room.

Kat looked up at Michael, "Come with me, I have something I need to talk to you about." She grabbed his hand and led him up the stairs to their room.

Michael sat down on the bed and pulled Kat onto his lap, kissing her face with the lips of his mask. "Please stop Michael; I need to say something important!"

Kat ran her hand through her hair; her nerves were running in overdrive, "What would you say to little masked killers running around this house?" She stopped and thought about her words, "That sounded like I was going to invite Chucky overâ€ and that's not what I meant!"

She stood and paced back and forth, looking over at him every few seconds, "What I mean, Michael, is that we're pregnant! I'm going to have your baby!"

Michael blinked at her for a second, letting the words she had said sink in fully. He then stood, punched a hole in the wall with his fist, and stormed out of the room, going who knows where.

Kat stared at the hole in the wall, "He actually took it better than I expected, but I have a feeling he'll never talk to me again." She thought once again then laughed, "Or maybe he'll never let me talk to him again."

She laid down on the bed and stared at the sealing, wondering how her dad and Freddy would take the news. "As bad or worse," she decided with a half smile, "nobody is going to be happy about this!"

Kat stood, knowing that she had to tell everyone else in the house. She made her way back to the living room and stood in front of the two other serial killers, "I'm pregnant, Michael hates me, and I need someone to hug me!"

"Wait back up!" Freddy said looking at her, "You're pregnant? You're going to try to raise a kid in our house?"

Kat nodded and walked back toward the stairs, "That's all I have to say. You have the choice of dealing with it, or do what Michael did and leave, see if I care!"

She stormed back up the steps to her room and laid back down on the bed. She couldn't control her tears any longer; she let them fall, as she gently rubbed her stomach. "Baby, don't worry, I'll take care of you," she whispered as she closed her eyes and let her tears bring her to sleep.

Kathryn was woken later that night, by a man in a white mask. She smiled up at him, "Hey there Michael, what are you doing?" She kissed him on the cheek and tilted her head to the side in question.

He put his finger to her lips in a signal to not speak, he pulled her pants and underwear off roughly and looked down at her. Kat giggled quietly, knowing that Michael had forgiven her for the news she had given him earlier and reached up to hug him, he wasn't wearing anything, so she knew that he wanted something. He pushed her away, telling her silently that he was in charge, and she wasn't allowed to do anything.

He traced his finger down through her pussy, testing to see if she was ready for him, satisfied by the results, he quickly straddled her and thrust forward into her waiting core. Kat let out a scream as he pushed into her, quickly adjusting to him as he thrust into her over and over.

Her eyes were locked with his as they climaxed. He laid himself down next to her and wrapped his arms around her, holding her close as they both drifted off to sleep.

AN: Sorry if this didn't live up to your expectations. I've been rather distracted lately by things that I have no explanation for. Hope you have a merry Christmas and happy holidays!

6. A Visit From the Doctor

AN: Due to a review that stated that Michael would try to kill the kid because of its blood relation to himâ€œ I see Kat and Michael having some real problems in their relationship in the months to come. That is, unless my plan works the way I think it shouldâ€œ evil laughter

Freddy plopped himself down on the sofa next to the man wearing the hockey mask and tapped his chin with his claw. "You know, I'm a bit worried for Kat and the baby," Freddy started looking off into the unknown, "I did some reading on our masked friend, and his primary targets seem to be anyone who is related to him by blood."

Jason sat up straighter, he seemed to be slightly shocked, but Freddy couldn't tell. "I suppose we'll have to do something to stop this pregnancy, and I think I know exactly who could talk her out of it." Freddy stood and walked over to the door, "I'll be back in a couple of hours." With that he disappeared.

Kathryn bustled around the kitchen, humming lightly as she prepared some food for herself. She felt someone watching from behind and turned to look over her shoulder, "Hello Dad, what can I do for you this afternoon?" She sat down at the table and took a bite of the sandwich that she had been making.

Jason sat across from her and watched her as she ate. Unable to do

anything to tell her how much she meant to him or that he never wanted to see her hurt, physically or emotionally. So he just sat there, content to watch his daughter.

"Dad, thanks for sitting with me while I ate, it meant a lot," Kat said as she got up and kissed the man's mask before heading up to her room to read.

Two hours later, Freddy had returned a man walking behind him. Just looking at this man you could tell he was one of them. He had an evil glint in his eye and he was missing one hand. It was a sign of a struggle in which he came out worse for wear.

"Jason, my friend, I would like you to meet Dr. Hannibal Lecter," Freddy introduced the two, "he's here to talk some sense into our Kat; she has to know she can't have this baby."

Dr. Lecter sat down on the couch and waited while Freddy went upstairs to get Kat. When the girl arrived, he stood as Freddy introduced them. "Hello Kathryn, lets talk about you and Mr. Myers, shall we?"

Kat nodded and started in on the explanation of their sexual history. "And now I'm pregnant," she finished with a content sigh. "So what else do you want to know? I was just getting to the good part of my book."

"Kathryn, do you know the history of Michael Myers?" Hannibal asked leaning forward, "Are you aware that Michael has killed, or attempted to kill all of his blood relatives?"

"Of course, Dr. Loomis was my guardian for quite some time," Kat replied, "but he has changed." She folded her arms over her chest, not liking where this was going.

"People like him don't change Kathryn; they think on only one level and have very few goals in life." Hannibal explained. "He has differed his normal killing of people that enter his house, but if you have this baby rest assured it will be dead as soon as Michael sees it."

Kathryn nodded, she understood where Dr. Lecter was coming from, and she agreed that Michael would be dangerous around the child, but to kill it upon first seeing it? She didn't know, she would have to discuss this with Michael. He could show her what was really going on in his head. And if he was going to kill the baby, it was best to get rid of it before she became too attached to it.

"I have to go find Michael, Doctor, I do hope you'll stay for dinner," Kat smiled at him, "We'll be having hamburgers." She left the room and went to search the old house for her lover.

Michael was found an hour or so later coming up from the sewers. Kat looked at him, unsure of what to say, "Um, Michael? Can we talk?" She took his hand and led him to their room, he sat as she paced back and forth.

"It's been brought to my attention that if I have this baby, you'll

kill it," Kat said twiddling her fingers. She continued her pacing, but made it a point to look up at Michael, "It's the truth isn't it? Something inside you will force you to kill our baby?"

Michael nodded, and Kat sobbed, "Then I'll have to get rid of it, today if possible! I can't go through with it knowing that it'll end up dying anyway!" He caught her in his arms and gently rocked her as she sobbed, he knew she wanted the child, but what was the point, the evil in him would consume him and force him to kill her baby.

Kat sniffled a bit, bit her lip and pushed away from Michael, "Dr. Lecter is downstairs, I promised him dinner, so I better go get started." He let her go reluctantly after pressing the plastic of his masked lips to hers. She kissed him back lightly then left the room to go start dinner.

7. Making Her Feel Better

"I really didn't think it could happen," Kathryn told the doctor after the abortion happened. She was crying, clinging to the woman as if the world depended on it. "The dad being who it was I never thought it possible for me to get pregnant."

The doctor sighed and held the girl close to her, "Might I suggest going on the pill if you don't want to have a baby? I'll write you up a prescription for you to get filled."

Kat nodded and pulled away, she was going to need a lot of ice cream and a lot of Michael tonight to help her get over the loss of the baby that she really wanted to have.

She arrived home after getting her prescription filled and buying a pint of Ben and Jerry's Karmel Sutra. She didn't bother to go into the kitchen and get a bowl, but headed straight up to her room, plastic spoon in hand.

She sat down on the edge of the bed, opened the ice cream container, and took a large bite. She let the cold caramel flavor engulf her before swallowing and taking another bite. Tears flowed down her cheeks; she sniffled and wiped them away.

The sky was getting darker, and Kat whimpered when the light flicked off, "Who's there?" It was a long shot; only one person in the house besides her actually would return her words with words. She felt a hand brush across her shoulder and immediately she relaxed.

"Hey Michael," she ran her hand over her face again trying to pinpoint his location. It was pitch black, she couldn't see a thing. She heard an odd noise, a squelching noise that she couldn't really place as anything she had ever heard before.

She could feel his hands pushing her down; she complied and lay back on the bed, knowing that she could trust him even if she couldn't see him. His hands traced her face gently before leaning down and pressing his lips against her warm ones, his mouth was concerned and gentle as he searched hers.

Shocked at the feel of his lips on hers, Kat stiffened momentarily then felt herself give in to the searing heat of his kiss. She moaned

lightly, bringing her hands up to his chest and pulling a fistful of his uniform down toward her.

Shockingly gentle, this is how it had to be. Her regenerative properties had already healed the wounds that the abortion had marred into her skin, only a slight tingle remained as Michael's hands traced down her sides and across her stomach. She closed her eyes, holding back the flood of tears that threatened to fall. She focused her whole body on him, on every touch of his lips and his fingers, marveling on the uncharacteristically gentle movements across her body.

She hadn't noticed that he had removed all her clothes until his warm fingers gently slid into her warm core. She moaned lightly as she felt them moving in and out of her slowly. She felt his warm breath trailing up her stomach and felt his mouth clamp down on her erect nipple.

Mewling gently she pulled his head down toward her chest, wanting him to continue his attentions there as his fingers pumped in and out of her. She was nearing that highest point; she could feel it tightening in her stomach, playing across the muscles in her pussy. Moments later she hit her climax, warm juices flowed out of her and across Michael's hand.

She felt his lips leave her chest, and then lightly placed on her own. She let out a soft gasp of surprise as he slowly slid into her, filling her with his erect cock. He pumped slowly; letting the sensation fill her, comfort her. He caressed her face, her arms, and gently rubbed her breasts between his fingers. Somehow he knew what she needed of him; he knew he needed to get rid of the pain, if only for a moment in time.

Their bodies melded together perfectly, a slow dance of passion and love. In and out, slowly he moved, her mewls of pleasure edging him on and stopped him from taking her with the force they had grown accustom to.

He reached down between them, gently running a finger along her swollen clit. She gasped in pleasure, nearing her second climax of the night. He could feel her tightening around him, his own pleasure rising with each thrust of their joined hips. It didn't take long before they joined in climax. Warm juices mixing together as heated flesh touched heated flesh.

Kathryn's eyes fluttered shut, she was content to just fall asleep in the arms of her lover. The ice cream lay forgotten on the floor, slowly melting into a puddle of sticky goo.

AN: So Michael is way out of the character we're use to seeing in my story yes? You're very right, but I feel that Michael is a deep person, and only kills his family because it will save the rest of the world. Other people he kills is because he doesn't know any better or they get in his way. Kat is a marvel to him, she isn't killed easily (not that he's ever tried) and she still loves him despite everything he's ever done. There's my explanation for all that._

Now for my explanation as for why I haven't updated before nowâ€| because I know I told someone I was going to write this like a month ago! I just wasn't in the writing mood, or the mood for Michael. (I know it's a sin!) I didn't want to write something and have it be horrific! So I decided I would wait until inspiration struck. And while starting a horror movie marathon with my sister my want for Michael kicked in. Sorry for the lateness, I hope you can forgive me!_

8. Freddy's Gift

Kathryn sifted through a pile of old newspaper clippings, sighing heavily though nobody was around to hear her. She picked up one promising piece of paper and read through it, finding nothing she didn't already know.

Her task was simple, and it paid a lot, so why couldn't she just do what she had to do and be done with it? She was supposed to be writing a narrative story to go into the local newspaper about life in the Myers' house. She knew she would have to make something up though, nobody in Haddonfield would believe that their famous serial killer had taken a mate.

She had been taking down notes and fabricating her life here for two days now. The article, though nearly finished, didn't sound terrifying enough for the citizens of Haddonfield. Maybe she should add the time Michael appeared and, while brandishing his infamous knife, chased her out of the house? Not that something like that had ever really happened, Kat knew what Haddonfield wanted from her and she was giving them what they wanted.

She stood and stretched, breaking the silence in the room by humming quietly. "Time for dinner," Kat muttered to herself as she opened the door to her room and walked toward the kitchen. Once there she rummaged through the fridge and pulled out everything needed to make enchiladas.

She set about preparing her food while thinking of the best way to end her story. The sooner that piece of junk was out of her life, and the cash in her hand, the better. She could continue on her day to day existence without having to worry what Michael was thinking. What if he read the stupid thing? He would probably think her amusing and continue on with life as well.

She sat down, waiting for her food to be finished and grabbed a book off the counter. "Good Omens," she read the title and opened it reading through the first couple of paragraphs rather quickly, "one of the guys must have left this here for me."

It turned out to be a pretty funny book, from what she read in the twenty minutes it took for her food to be done. Something about the apocalypse and an angel and a demon that didn't want to leave earth, it was written fairly well too.

When she was finished with dinner she grabbed her book and headed up the stairs, determined to put the article out of her head until tomorrow morning. Finding reading no longer to her liking only minutes after laying down on her bed, she set the book down and grabbed the box Freddy had left her when the men went away last

weekend.

He had told her to only open it if she became bored and lonely, if this wasn't that time, Kat didn't know when was. She opened the box to find what she really had expected from that dirty minded freak, a vibrator.

It was long and round enough that it would brush against all the right places inside of her, the lime green color made her laugh, it was her favorite color after all. She smiled mischievously and removed the toy from the plastic rapper. Quickly she removed all her clothes and lay back down on the bed. She switched on the vibrator and smiled mischievously as it buzzed in her hand.

She ran her fingers over her breasts, slowly pinching them and massaging them until they became hard nubs. She rubbed the vibrator over her nipples, moaning at the sensation that shot through her body.

She could feel herself getting wet before she even pressed the vibrating appendage to her clit. She let out a small moan and closed her eyes, thinking of her masked lover as she rubbed the vibrator over the sensitive flesh of her pussy. Back and forth she moved it until she couldn't stand it anymore, until her hips arched up on their own accord to meet the plastic device.

Slowly she slid it into her, biting back a groan. She wished this was her Michael, but even though it wasn't him it was doing a wonderful job. The vibrator buzzed against her, making her groan loudly. In and out she pumped it slowly, not wanting the sensations to end.

It took awhile to get to that point just before the climax, where you feel like you're standing at the top of a cliff and one more step will push you over it; but once there Kat moved the toy faster, turning up the speed of the vibrations. Moments later she came, moaning out Michael's name as her juices flowed out of her.

Shaking still, she pulled the vibrator out of her and set it back inside the box. Sighing happily she rested back against the pillows and drifted off to sleep, dreaming of her masked lover.

*AN: Woot! Really short chapter, sorry guys! I'm kind of in the reading mood, not the writing mood. I figured I'd get this out though, I promised somebody a chapter!*

9. Family Fanale

Chapter 9: The Family Finale

She could hear someone talking down the hall, she pulled herself out of sleep just enough to stumble out of bed and walk down the hall. She had to figure out who was in Michael's house. Her eyesight was fuzzy, and she gripped the handrail on the stairs to hold her up.

This was all a chore, seeing as Kathryn had been yanked out of her deep sleep and out of her dreams of the white masked man she had come

to love. The masked man that had been gone for way too long. She staggered down the first couple of steps, trying to keep her balance.

The voice was homey, something familiar, something she just couldn't put her finger on, but only because she was still half asleep. She tripped and had to catch herself on the handrail, jarring herself out of her hazy state of mind. It was then she placed the voice as one of her slasher friends. Freddy was back, so Michael might be back too!

That woke her out of any amount of sleep she might have been in; it had been far too long since she had last seen her Michael, the love of her life. She slid into the living room on her socked feet, letting out a happy squeal when she saw her masked killer in the room. She watched him for a minute, making sure her eyes weren't playing tricks on her before she did anything rash.

She launched herself at him, not caring if she was acting like a child. He caught her in his arms, pulling her legs around his waist. She pressed her lips against his plastic ones, pulling herself as close to him as she could.

"Looks like someone missed you Michael," Freddy said with a laugh. Michael just looked over at him and rested his hand on Kat's back, holding her in place so she wouldn't fall. His other hand came up and ran through her hair; gently petting her as she rested her head on his shoulder and breathed in his scent, feeling truly safe for the first time in weeks.

"Michael Myers, if you leave me like that again I'll kill you myself!" Kat threatened as she nuzzled the skin just below his mask. She ran her fingers up under the plastic and tangled them in his hair, twisting his head so she could get better access to his neck. "And then I would die," she whispered against his skin.

Once she had thoroughly checked over Michael, and paid attention to kissing and touching Michael, she jumped off of him and took a step back. She looked up into his face and smiled, ecstatic that she had him back again.

She turned to the other men in the room and smiled at them, checking them over at a distance, making sure they were all there. Satisfied with her once over, she laced her fingers in Michael's and pulled him down on the couch with her, "Come sit with me for awhile."

They sat in silence, her head resting on his shoulder, listening to Freddy's account of what had gone on in the weeks since they had left. It was good to have them back; they were a family once again.

AN: Now it's doneâ€| no more for this story. But I will be writing another Michael story. Actually, it's in the works right now. I promise the next one will be better. I love you all, and I hope you'll read the next one too._

End
file.